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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Editorial.

IT is with deep regret mingled with some humiliation that UNITY has to confess its neglect in a matter very dear both to heart and conscience. We refer to the meeting held by the Free Religious Association during anniversary week, and devoted to a subject of primary interest to western Unitarians, "The Unitarian Opportunity." This meeting was arranged by Mr. Edwin D. Mead and other sympathizers for the express purpose of affording an opportunity for Western Conference representatives to be heard in Boston upon the subject of its peculiar position in the denomination. We have tried to secure a full report of the meeting but have not been able to do so; and at this late day can only express once more our regret for our seeming neglect; our own sense of gratitude for the evidence of sympathy and good will conveyed in this meeting, and the hope that the feeling of fellowship there inspired may widen and strengthen with the years to come.

THE appointment by Mayor Washburne, of Mrs. J. M. Flower on the board of education, met approval on all sides, both for the known high character and ability of the new member, and the principle of representation involved in her appointment. This principle receives slow recognition at the hands of official power in our city. Three years ago Mayor Roche inaugurated it with the appointment of Mrs. Ellen Mitchell, for whom one of the city schools has been recently named, whose term of service expired this year, and who was not appointed on account of ill health. The board now numbers among the twenty-one members to which a late enactment of the state legislature has raised its role, only two women, Miss Mary Burt having been appointed last year. This number is ludicrously out of all proportion, if women deserve to be on the board at all. Another law just passed at Springfield enabling women to vote on all school matters, might remedy this were the law appliable to Chicago, where the board members are appointed by the mayor; but the passage of such a law can not but result in the enlightenment of public sentiment, which shall indirectly, if more slowly, make the governing body of our schools thoroughly representative.

POPULAR taste is sensibly changing, but slowly still, on the subject of the funeral. An event that was once made the occasion for great public demonstration has come to be properly shrouded with the veil of privacy; and the exercises of death and burial are more and more confined to the inner circle of the deceased's relatives and nearest friends. The home rather than the church or any other place of public gathering is thought to be the most suitable in which to hold farewell services to the dead; but the *Reform Advocate* thinks there are inconveniences and errors arising from this custom that need correction. It speaks especially to and for the Jews, and speaks of the inevitable crowding which ensues when the funeral is held at the house. It pleads for the more quiet and sacred surroundings of the temple of worship, where the exercises "can be conducted with becoming dignity and decorum and solemnity. The interment, it adds, should be conducted with strictest privacy. There is much that is suggestive and worthy reflection in this view of the case.

IN her book, "A Study of Child Nature," reviewed in a recent issue of UNITY, Miss Elizabeth Harrison, tells the following story in connection with a talk on the instinct of imitation. It was playtime in the kindergarten of which the story is related, and the game selected was the Siege of Troy. The children found little difficulty in selecting their parts, one choosing Achilles, another Diomed, a third Ajax, with a "dear little fair-haired girl of four" for Helen. "But who will be Prince Paris?" the teacher asked. This question was followed by a dead silence, broken at last by one small urchin who expressed the sentiment of the school by saying, "Why, nobody wants to be *him*,—he was a bad, selfish man." Upon this the teacher decided that the part of Paris would have to be taken by the tongs; and from that time on, when this particular game was selected, "the royal Helen was gravely led into the walled city, with the tongs keeping step at her side, as a fit representative of the inner ugliness of weak and profligate young princes." The story serves well to illustrate the intelligent and conscientious spirit which enter into the work of modern teaching, and promise so much for it in the future.

THE question of what the children shall read, and how weak and pernicious literature which so readily falls into their hands shall be replaced in interest to them with more desirable matter, is always important. A writer in *Queries* thinks the public school has a duty here which it should not neglect; but we suspect the public school is already performing its duty better in this respect than the guardians of the home are, whose position is one of greater concern and responsibility. We can not agree, either, that by placing the *best* within the children's reach, plenty of the volumes of Scott, Dickens, etc., they will of their own accord fling away the "blood and thunder" novels. A correct literary taste is not so easily acquired, but is the result of painstaking care on the part of parent or teacher in the younger period of life, and of continued self-government in later years. The mind likes to idle as well as the body, and the easy way of doing a thing, even of amusing one's self is that first chosen, until taste and conscience point another way. Children will read the best literature and enjoy it when the diluted productions of second, third and tenth rate writers are not at hand. Not by presentation of the good alone, but by vigorous elimination of the bad, shall we accomplish the desired end here.

PROF. MAX MULLER, in the *Open Court*, divides people into the bright-eyed and the dark-eyed class, using the terms to express the quality of mental rather than physical vision. He thinks the difference nowhere more apparent than in the way men regard the various religions of the world. The average man looks at every other form of theological faith than that in which he has been bred, *de haut en bas*, not trying to put away the spirit of patronage and intellectual conceit. What is good in Buddhism, or Mohammedanism is so because of its likeness to Christianity, not because universal conscience and reason pronounce it so. We recall in this connection a story told us anent the discussion that arose on the publication of Dr. Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," valuable to this day, but known even then to be written a little too much from a single standpoint, the writer being always careful to bring his subject round to the likeness between the particular form of faith under discussion and that of Christendom. Following this example, some one declared in the presence, we believe, of Dr. Hedge, that Christianity was the only religion truly cosmopolitan. "It is so," replied the Doctor quickly, because Christians are the only truly cosmopolitan people;" a witty and just distinction.

OUR attention has been called to an editorial in the *Christian Union* of June 11, entitled "Insincere Conformity," in which the editor defends the right of the minister to remain inside the church even though he may have grown to dissent from a portion of the creed. He says, "What we claim is that if a minister finds himself dissenting from the creeds of his church, he should remain in the church, and *frankly and courageously declare his dissent.* The creed is always subject to criticism. It is always the right, and often the duty of the man who has subscribed to it to point out its imperfections." With this opinion we have no serious cause to differ. It only remains for the dissenter to decide where dissent ends and utter disregarding begins. There is a point when the reformer becomes a revolutionist; when to remain inside a church based both explicitly and implicitly upon ideas which the holder entirely ignores, turns the point of loyalty and becomes disloyalty. The editor concludes by saying: "It is because creeds as *standards* constitute so serious a temptation to insincerity that we object to their use for that purpose. In our judgment the only standard should be personal loyalty to a personal Christ." But alas, does he not here again introduce that same kind of danger and the same pressing problem? What is a "personal loyalty to the personal Christ"? Is there not here a chance for men honestly to differ; men who are imbued with all the essential elements of religion? Had we not better say as the great majority of all believers are learning to say to-day that the fundamental thing in religion is loyalty to one's best and highest standard, fidelity to one's own sense of truth, a church for justice and a life of love? When the *Christian Union* comes to the point of emphasizing these as the essential things for which a church should live, as well as the essential elements in religion, then we think there will be prospect of a church that will make schism unnecessary and heresy impossible.

A WRITER in *Lend a Hand* for June describes the true character of advancing western civilization, in the United States at least. In general terms, the spirit of emigration is explained in Senator Hoar's words, as the "thirst for the horizon." We quote further:

> The motive of the great American wave of emigration has been, first, the passion for adventure, which drives old Leather Stocking away from the haunts of men. This of itself produces nothing; but it is followed immediately by the desire to make homes—the noblest desire implanted in man's heart. Miners want to find metals, farmers want to find good soils, fruit-men try experiments in climate and irrigation with the direct wish to make homes more happy than they have had before. Again, young men go that they may advance themselves faster than in old communities; and who can wonder men of sense give up the unequal contest with nature, in a northern or eastern winter, to find some region where nature is on their side. People in delicate health go where they can find softer air, more spring and less winter. And so it follows that the frontier of this nation is not a mere chain of garrisons, nor the scattered parts of missions. It is a line of homes, and at last there ceases to be a frontier.

The Ethics of the Derby.

Chicago has very lately been elated over the great triumph of the American Derby at Washington Driving Park. If the newspapers are to be trusted, the magnificent success of this great horse-race is one of the latest and proudest triumphs of the city of Chicago. On the authority of these same papers we are to believe that the culture, wealth, refinement and influence of Chicago were all out on that great horse-racing day. The boulevard leading to the Driving Park was lined with the proudest and most expensive equipages that the city affords. The scene inside the inclosures was gay and animated, and the most satisfactory thing of all seemed to be that the spirit and atmosphere of the occasion showed that this *English* institution was successfully transplanted.

But what does this horse-race mean? Why did all this elegance, fashion and style turn out? The horse is a noble animal; to develop him a worthy

pursuit. To rejoice in the triumph of science and art when it works with nature is also legitimate. But when it is publicly announced that betting is permitted by the management, and the book makers occupy a prominent position in the programme, when the day after the races the papers contain a long list of men who are said to be men of influence and position in society, who have either won or lost by the betting of the occasion; when refined women, as we are told, were eager and anxious to find their way into the excitement of the gambling table, we can but ask how far we should rejoice over the triumph of the Derby? Furthermore when we read how in the excitement of the race one noble animal staggered, reeled and fell over dead, there is a passing note of sympathy for the driver, but inasmuch as it was only a bad case of "shaking up" and not a loss of life, it did not seem to mean much. Other horses were described as coming to the mark heroically, and showing by the great welts upon their sides and the streaming blood caused by the spurs how faithfully the driver had sought for them the honors of victory. We wonder where our Humane Society is.

A few days before the great excitement of this Derby, when horseflesh was sacrificed for the pleasure and excitement of human beings, the shooting race, a few miles farther south, was doing a great business in pigeon shooting, and in order to make the pastime as exciting as possible, the old trick was resorted to of bringing wild pigeons in crates, where they were starved and choked, to be let loose one by one so that these lords of creation might show their skill in mangling and wounding them on the wing. Some years ago the president of the Humane Society of the City of Chicago undertook to suppress such amusement on the score of cruelty to animals, but it was found that the statutes of the State of Illinois justified it. Since then unsuccessful attempts have been made to secure such legislation as would place this barbarous amusement of elegant gentleman outside the pale of law. When the rights of the pigeon are recognized, may we not hope that that which is barbarous and cruel in the horse race may also be put under ban; that the jockey who rides the horse of high pedigree to ridge his sides with his whip and to tear his flesh with his spur, will be put on a par with the drayman who belabors the poor horse with a rawhide to compel him to draw a load heavier than his muscles ought to bear? How can we expect our mayor to close the gambling hells down town in the night, which tempt the unwary and the few professional blacklegs and confidence men, while the seal of public approval and popular enthusiasm is placed upon the same kind of thing, done by gentlemen who are drawn to the scene in gay equipages driven by liveried servants? The American public has affected a great deal of moral surprise and indignation over the gambling scandals of the Prince of Wales in London, but can we have very much to say against the Baccarat of the nobility over there while we smile over the triumphs of the same kind in the horse racing here? Oh, the shame of it! Oh, the blame of it! Is there no better use for money, time and enthusiasm? And are there no higher enjoyments than the contests of the gladiatorial show which still survives in Spain in the shape of the bull fight, and is now renewed in Chicago in the shape of English Derbys transplanted to American soil?

There is a vast difference between wings and stilts, although many persons mistake the one for the other.—*Lilian Whiting.*

Religious Tact.

We desire to call attention to an extract on another page from the New York *Nation*, whose wholesome utterances on pending theological disputes we have had occasion to quote before.

The truth is, this praise of "tact" in theology is a part of the spirit of luxury which has invaded the church just as it has the rest of society. The churches have had their eyes fixed on outward prosperity. They have had vast sums to dispose of in pushing their denominational propaganda. They have been racing with each other for the control of the expanding West. Reports of churches organized and buildings erected and missionaries sent out and converts gained and legacies received have been the main thing of interest in ecclesiastical gatherings. Over and over again have prominent men in the churches risen to denounce doctrinal agitation, on the express ground that it interfered with the great "practical work" of the age. That is to say, nothing in the nature of inquiry after the truth must be allowed to disturb us. Here we want to build a cathedral, there endow a college, yonder erect a great denominational building, and we cannot stop to listen to theories.

Fortunately, men's minds cannot be forever repressed in that way. Investigation is the most "practical" thing in the world, and truth the most useful. And so, when the proper time comes, a church or a society that has long been saying to itself, "Thou hast much goods laid up for many years, eat, drink, and—act with 'tact,'" finds that it has been living in a fool's paradise. One right prophetic voice is enough to dispel the temporary delusion, and recall men to that pursuit of the truth which is at once their noblest and most unavoidable function.—*The Nation.*

The extract is taken from an article entitled "'Tact' in Theology"; and the writer, after noting the conditions which generally give rise to this much-praised but often weakly-praised virtue (?) concludes that it might often be better called by its true name, that which is derived from our political terminology, "trimming." This is a word that has not near so pleasant a sound as "tact"; and we are far from saying that the latter does not describe a real and needed virtue both in the affairs of private and public concern. But like the writer in the *Nation* we often have reason to distrust the motives of those who, either in social or religious affairs, are continually urging respect for propriety, the observance of perfectly correct manners. It is our experience that the minor virtues are never seriously threatened by obedience to more fundamental rules of conduct lying underneath and forming the real basis of character, that when good manners can only be preserved at the expense of honesty of speech and clear thought they had better be sacrificed. But such sacrifice is never necessary, nor to the least degree involved in the warmest discussion of the most vital themes, save in the minds of the timorous and compromising. That politeness is misnamed which is attained at the risk of sincerity; and the truth is, those who are continually deferring to the supposed contrary views of other people show a servility of spirit that wins them little honor in the quarter they so assiduously seek it. "Tact" is a useful virtue, as we have said, but it is often used to describe and encourage a serious fault of character instead.

The generous mind always employs it, stating its highest conviction in a spirit not meant to wound or to annoy, but stating this highest conviction always. "What is really meant by tact in religion, the *Nation* says truly, is holding one opinion in private and another in public, saying one thing to young men in a seminary and quite another to the General Assembly, and deftly alternating between the courage and cowardice of one's convictions."

It adds that the people who are continually pleading for this virtue are like Orville Dewey in the Civil War, who could never "take a part." This is a little severe, but we fear not undeserved. C. P. W.

God is not a definition but a reality, —a purposeful intelligence.

The Six Years' Course.

The larger part of next year's Sunday-school work—beginning after the summer vacation—will, for those who take this course of study, lie in the field of "the older religions." There will be connection enough with last year's "beginnings" to make the pupil aware of a true relationship; but what was in those lessons, vague, unformulated, or elementary, now passes into more definite systems of faith and worship. In some of the religions the personal quality comes in very strongly, great leaders appear, or they take on a national character. Hence these religions may bear the name of the country in which we find them or of the great prophet or teacher who had most to do with proclaiming them.

The plan contemplates *twenty-two* lessons on *seven* great religions. It may be modified, if there should appear to be sufficient reason. The religions and the order to be followed, are as given below:

I. The Religion of Egypt.
II. The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria.
III. Brahmanism.
IV. Buddhism.
V. Confucianism.
VI. The Religion of Persia.
VII. The Religion of Greece.

A few books are named herewith, which seem best for the general reader, and which go over most of the ground to be traversed. It would be well to have all these works in the Sunday-school library. Altogether they would cost not far from ten dollars. And while many teachers, and we trust some pupils, will wish to extend the limits of the reference list, it is obvious that to have read these works is no mean task and no poor attainment in this important line of inquiry.

Other references will be given later under the principal heads, treating of the special faiths.

GENERAL REFERENCES.

Ten Great Religions, Part I— James Freeman Clarke.
The Faiths of the World— St. Giles Lectures. (First two by Dr. John Caird.)
The Religions of the Ancient World— George Rawlinson.
Outlines of the History of Religion— C. P. Tiele.
History of the Doctrine of a Future Life— William R. Alger.
The Childhood of Religions— Edward Clodd.
Religions before Christianity— C. C. Everett.

J. C. L.

A DISTINCTLY individual God is simply private Will and Purpose grown into an all-mastering ideal. Communion with such a God, human in everything but the colossal proportions of his traits, must stimulate intense fears, desires, and expectations, imperious motives, selfish or unselfish, and that sense of being inspired or controlled by divine intentions which may be fitted either to exalt or enslave. Hence the variety of ethical quality in the resultant creeds and institutions of distinctly anthropomorphic religions. And hence their hostility to scientific progress, which shows how naturally they resist all interference with the arbitrariness of will inherent in their individualized God.—*Samuel Johnson.*

I LIKE to think the beatitudes are what Jesus found out through his own life experiences; that when he said, "blessed are the meek" he had learned it in his own life,—that he must have seen that the meek do inherit the earth; when he said "blessed are the pure in heart" he knew what that meant and the result of it.—*W. C. G.*

Men and Things.

HERBERT SPENCER has completed his work on the "Principles of Ethics," with his new part on "Justice."

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER has completed his tour in the East and is now settled temporarily in Rome, engaged in writing a novel, which depicts American society, that natural and fruitful theme of our writers of fiction.

WE read in one of our exchanges that the mules in Ingle's coal mines, near Evansville, Ind., were hoisted out recently. Some of them had not seen daylight for eight years. The smallest thing frightened them, a flying bird causing them to jump, while upon seeing a dog they would stand and tremble with terror.

A BRONZE statue of Henry Ward Beecher, the work of J. Q. A. Ward, was unveiled in Brooklyn on June 24, the granddaughter of the distinguished preacher removing the veil. Hon. Seth Low delivered the address; 300 school children led the singing. Revs. S. B. Holliday, Charles H. Hall and Rabbi Gottheil took part in the religious exercises.

TWO mementoes of Theodore Parker, the Boston radical, have been discovered by a traveling journalist in a rich and elegant Indiana home. They are his beadwork watch-stand and the marble-hand paper-weight which held down the pages of his sermons. We suspect the first of these is the same offered for sale in our columns a short time ago, in aid of the Parker Memorial Fund.

THE late Charles Bradlaugh was busily engaged on a work entitled "Labor and Law" when seized with his last illness. In addition to the chapters already finished, he had contemplated three on "Eight Hours in Mines," "Friendly Societies," and "Emigration and Immigration." For these, three papers on "Labor Disputes," "Socialism in Europe," and "A Starved Government Department," have been substituted.

WE learn from the *Literary World* that Holman Hunt's "May Morning on Magdalene Tower" is now on exposition at the Gainsborough Gallery, London; that the ceremony it records is doubtless Druidical. Several portraits are in the picture, among them one of Mr. Hunt's little son. The frame is said to be of Toynbee Hall workmanship, of hammered copper, after the artist's design.

THE New York *Independent* says regarding Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks: "We have heard one new item in the case against the elected bishop. A correspondent tells us that he heard him some fifteen years ago speaking by invitation at a meeting of Unitarians in Boston." Another paper, commenting on this, says it is sad, indeed, but asks if when Jesus said "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," he made any exception of Unitarians.

DR. E. G. HIRSCH in the paper which he edits, the *Reform Advocate*, speaks, in connection with the efforts of Chicago Jews to assist in the work of relieving their exiled Russian brethren, of the unorganized condition of his fellow religionists in this city and in all the West as compared to the older communities of the East. He states that though thousands of Jews have settled among us for the last few years the majority have not made themselves known either in the Jewish congregation or the work of public charity, and claims that two hundred will cover the number of those who bear the lion's share in "communal burdens."

THE *Boston Budget* points to the difference between present methods of traffic and those of the date of Washington's inauguration: "When Washington became president, all the chief towns were on the seacoast, or on the tide water of the rivers, except Lancaster, in Pennsylvania. Outside of that state the roads were so bad that a large trading town was not possible away from water conveyance. The interior trade of Pennsylvania was carried on in great wagons, known as Conestoga wagons, each drawn by six or eight stout horses. There were ten thousand or more of these wagons running out of Philadelphia. The wagon trade with the interior made Philadelphia the chief town of North America. Trade with remote districts of the country was still carried on by means of pack-horses and *bateaux*, or small boats."

WENDELL PHILLIPS used to say there were not twenty-five original witty stories in existence, all the rest being founded upon or borrowed from the most ancient sources: "Take the Irishman, who carried around a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell; and the other who shut his eyes and looked into the glass to see how he would look when he was dead; also the Irishman who bought a crow, alleging that crows were reported to live two hundred years, and he was going to set out and try it; and still another Irishman who met a friend who said to him, 'Why, sir, I heard you were dead.' 'Well,' says the man, 'I suppose you see I am not.' 'Oh, no,' says he, 'I would rather believe the man who told me than you, any day.' All of these are Greek," said Mr. Phillips, "and a score or more of a parallel character come from Athens."

Contributed and Selected.

Channing.

Blest natal day, thrice blest the light
That shone so clear for truth, for right;
What progress real thy life has wrought
To'ard fellowship in freer thought!
In body frail, in spirit strong,
A common brotherhood thy song;
Moved by the Master's sacred cause;
God's goodness seen in all His laws,
Trusting a Father's providence
Whose justice follows each offense
As discipline from heaven sent
To bring obedience and content,
Thy name shall live;—true life's begun
When love to God and man is one.

E. M. CHOGUILL.

Mr. Blake's "St. Solifer."

He who takes up one of Mr. Blake's books may be sure of finding within its covers a well of English undefiled. Whether as an essayist, a preacher or a poet, there is a vein of fine white silver wherever he strikes his pick. His style is faultless, a something which gives pleasure in itself. We feel like marking every other sentence as a sort of Emersonian jewel, a something quaint, striking and curious. There is a boyish freshness and rollicksomeness running through all his thoughts. There is no pessimism in him; he basks in the sunshine and makes his readers feel there is a God in heaven and a brotherhood on earth. He is more than all else a moralist, yet not a trite one. He is full of parables and songs. As a novelist he would never do; he would have his characters all pretty, polite, good English-talking lads and lasses. But as a recaster of old tales and a spinner of quaint stories with an ancient flavor, he is inimitable. He is an Æsop and a Rochefoucauld, a sort of grown-up Hans Christian Andersen. His story of "Sprinkling the Thermometer" is as good as the farmer's tale concerning a match. As a poet there is something fresh, scholarly and meditative in his verses. They are polished and musical. He would never write the songs of a nation, but he hymns to nature and touches the inspirations of the soul.

Mr. Blake, unlike Emerson, will hardly have a large cosmopolitan audience, but he may feel flattered that his readers will be select. As a short story writer he is hardly with the age, but he gives us in this "St. Solifer"* and the other tales a casket of antique jewels very pretty and very useful.

They are in good shape to be used; what a stock in trade for the searcher of anecdotes! He has mined them from the most hidden depths, some of them, too, from sources in which we should hardly expect a minister to be making discoveries, as, for instance, his "Motive and a Story," recast from the "Decameron" of Boccaccio. How few preachers nowadays suspect that such a story as that of Nathan and Mithridates is to be found in the "Decameron." There is nothing squeamish about Mr. Blake's moralizing. He has plenty of masculine heartiness and boldness. This ancient story of Nathan and Mithridates, two rich men who practiced charity and hospitality from quite different motives, is well worth resurrecting in this age. His story of "St. Solifer" is quaint enough, and not altogether easy to comprehend, unless one looks sharp. It is told by a certain Prosper Montaltus, the younger, or Prosper Montaltus Lepidus, usually called Lepidus. I judge this Lepidus to be one of Mr. Blake's "whimseys," and a fiction, like the tale. It is no easy matter to say. Solifer means sun-bearer, and the old saint, trying to write in his poor way (for he had no learning), was helped in quite as luminous a manner as Israel was lighted through the wilderness. St. Solifer composed little treatises on life, full of "gentle and sweet sayings," comfort and hope, sins and virtues, births and deaths, etc. As his pen worked "it grew in grace as the man had." One day, writing words of solace for a poor peasant, he "dipped his pen in the ink and so came to the paper, when, lo! what was black in the bottle, on the paper was a golden light."

The tale is sprinkled with epigrams, "Pure glee and simple pathos are close akin;" "Ah, memory! happy is it for a poor mortal when thou hast become a well of charity," etc., etc.

"Yima" is a pretty tale with its prototype in the Zend Avesta, so the author tells us. Ahura Mazda, the Lord-all-knowing, "looking down from heaven beheld the beauty of the shepherd and resolved to send him forth to be a preacher and minister of the divine law. Whereupon he called to the shepherd out of the sky, and said: 'Fair Yima, I call you and send you forth to be a preacher and bearer of my law.'" The author here remarks that "this seemed a very heavy weight to Yima," who cried out that he was not born to be a preacher. We shall not attempt to give a synopsis of the pretty legend, the meaning of which is, as our author thinks, "that whoever loves the earth according to the nature of the earth, loves the maker of the earth according to the nature of the maker of such an earth." A thought not so entirely lucid but that the tale of Yima may well be used to illustrate it.

In "Sprinkling the Thermometer," which is a modern invention and Mr. Blake's sole property (in fact this is quite clearly not from anybody else), I should say, we have this point made: "I have read of a famous singer who, being warned of some faults by a critic, fell into a great rage and called upon the man every kind of ill names, winding up with declaring him an impious fellow; 'for,' said she, 'such a talent as mine comes only by grace of the Creator, and not to admire it is to fly in the face of heaven.'"

It is well, in these days, for an author to have that egotism and self-conscious ability which will permit him to keep his backbone stiff until the critics are done with him. But this is not our author's application of it.

"A Story from Meuleville" is pretty, and several snatches of poetry in it are exquisite. Here is Blake in every word:

"'Twas like a playmate of the night,
An infantile and coy delight,
A roguish, sly, fantastic sprite,
That made up sports and wiles and tricks
Of branches, leaves and vines and sticks,
And ran and played his bonny hours
Of hide-and-seek through tossing bowers,
And called and laughed, and teased the night
That fain would frown, but must be bright."

This modest critic is no poet, in fact he can only appreciate story-poetry, say-something-poetry, like "The Lady of the Lake," "McFingal," and such like, and if this stanza had been just a little longer he would have skipped it, as most readers do when they find poetry mixed up promiscuously with prose; but to his unpoetic mind this seems to be telling it about right. There are several bits of verse in this tale with the prettiest kind of rhythm. Listen to this:

"Then evening came, the maid,
And swept the bits of darkness under the trees,
As the bits on earth were laid
Broken from off the twilight by the breeze."

Meuleville's theory was that of Poe, "that a long poem is impossible, and all attempts thereat are but short poems linked into a chain by some metrical prose." So he proceeds to tell the story (was it old French?) in both poetry and prose, and very well he does it. Jean fancied his donkey had swallowed the moon at the drinking trough (it had gone behind a cloud), and therefore took steps to compel him to belch it up. The animal did that thing, whereupon Jean exclaimed, "Ye bad beast, I knew I would have it out of ye, but I thought not it would come with such a bounce." (The donkey had struck Jean under the chin.) "An ever ye drink it again, I will flay ye."

As we have said, it is pretty difficult to tell which of the tales are our author's "whittlings" and which are not, so closely does he mimic the ancients. The thing becomes more of a Chinese puzzle from the fact that in the Preface we are warned that some are "whittlings" and some are not, and our author, like a true story-teller, does not stop to tell us when he is playing upon our credulity. This Meuleville, he says, is from *Maestitia Incisa*, in old French, but this "an ye drink it again" ending, sounds more like old Dublin.

The "Tripling of the Muses" is Greek in tone and contains a forcible maxim well illustrated, to-wit: "You ask for my results. I myself am my result." There are some fine sayings in this, but it is n't much as a story. "A Dying Speech" has some thoughtful lines from one Schefer, for a text. The idea of the little essay is well expressed in this line: "Whatever it was to those who heard the rhapsody, to me, I must own, it was very joyful to know that it was of this earth he spoke, and that on the verge of leaving it the man's soul was filled with the splendors of what he had lived in, and was still clinging to it with joy, and not busy with forecasting."

"A Like Case" is somewhat "like" "the strange case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and applies to an ancient Roman pontiff who was a priest by day and (*en masque*) a debauchee by night. Called upon to perform the wedding service for a young pal and a pure maiden, his conscience so smote him that he put on his masque, which the prospective groom recognized, and thereupon uttered an unearthly yell and fled, while the wicked pontiff fell down dead,—a fitting Ananias ending for a very interesting tale. It was the evolution idea Ludovic had in this old story, and very ingenious was his manner of making it tally with Genesis. Our author might have found another pre-Darwin thinker in that old Roman who exclaimed, "*mutam et turpe pecus!*" In all these tales there is a very sharp, half-concealed point. One can almost imagine the genial author laughing in his sleeve, and saying to his puzzled reader, as the little frog did at Bull Run, "Don't you see it! don't you see it!"

Other tales in this volume are: "From the Dabistan," "Morning," a better piece than the title would indicate, "Death as a Neighbor," in which we have two curious poems, "Thamyris," "Syrinx," and "Antæus." This book is a contribution to literature such as we have little of nowadays. In our helter-skelter life it is well that we have still a few delvers in ancient mines to rescue some of the first-water diamonds (or give us good imitations), which otherwise would never be heard of in this utilitarian age. We might take up these tales and in a hypercritical spirit find some fault. We might call them nursery tales and unmodern; but if we find pleasure in reading them, why spoil the effect by looking too scrutinously at this or that? They are the best of their kind; it all depends upon whether you like the kind. A good many people do, and this book should find them.

A. U. HANCOCK.

PIETY toward the lost is to be commended; but there is a kind of piety to the dead that is impiety to the living.—*M. J. Savage.*

*"St. Solifer:" with Other Worthies and Unworthies. By James Vila Blake. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Beyond the Bourn. Reports of a traveler returned from "The Undiscovered Country." By Amos K. Fiske. New York: Fords, Howard & Hubbard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.00.

This book naturally invites comparison with "From Over the Border," by Benj. G. Smith, published some two years ago. The main point of divergence is that Mr. Fiske criticises the anthropomorphic conception of a future life which supposes something analogous to the present physical body with space limitations, and maintains that the spirit will be free to range over the whole universe. On the whole we surmise that Mr. Fiske will satisfy fewer readers than Mr. Smith, though he is a better master of English. It seems to us that readers who are curious to read speculations into the details of a future life will prefer such earth-like pictures as Mr. Smith's, while those who follow Mr. Fiske in his criticism of such pictures will go a step further and assert the futility and unsatisfactoriness of any attempts in this direction.

Six Centuries of Work and Wages. By James E. Thorold Rogers, M. P. Abridged edition with charts and appendix, by the Rev. W. D. T. Bliss. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Co. 25 cents.

The immense importance of this great work, brought out better perhaps in this abridgement than in all the details of the original, lies in the fact that it proves the current assertion that laborers are better off now than ever before, to be a colossal mistake or something worse. Professor Rogers has made a painstaking summary of thousands of old account books preserved from the thirteenth to the nineteenth in English libraries, and has proved beyond a doubt that in the fifteenth century the average English laborer was able to procure with his wages far more of the comforts of life than the laborer in the same trades to-day. This is the first number of the *Social Science Library.* If the editor and publishers do as well with succeeding numbers they will deserve thanks.

A Square Talk to Young Men About the Inspiration of the Bible. By H. L. Hastings. Second million. Boston: Scriptural Tract Depository.

This is the first of a series of tracts bound together, all in the interest of the old theory of inspiration. The author kindly tells us in his prefatory note that about *forty tons* of the first tract have been printed in this country, and about *twelve tons* in London. We do not recall such another waste of labor, paper and ink. For if anything is evident, it is that in spite of this outlay, the orthodox theory of inspiration is gasping in the throes of death, to all intents and purposes is dead already.

Letters to Farmers' Sons on the Questions of the Day, being familiar talks on political economy. By Henry S. Chase, M. D. New York: Twentieth Century Publishing Co. 25 cents.

These talks are clear and simple in style, and contain little argument over opposing theories. The author advocates a single tax on land values, but deprecates the nationalization of industry. The little book may be recommended to any one desirous of grasping the single tax theory who feels unequal to so formidable a book as "Progress and Poverty."

WE are in receipt of two very useful and beautiful memorial volumes relating to James Eddy, of Providence, R. I., who died in 1888. The first contains a biographical sketch, an account of the memorial services at the time of his death, "Selected Thoughts," with portrait, and a picture of the chapel built by Mr. Eddy for the liberal society of the place, and an interior view. The second volume is entitled "Thoughts on Religion and Morality," and also contains a portrait taken late in life, with a few other illustrations. The two books form a worthy and deserved memento of one who devoted his life to the spread of a rational religious philosophy, and whose work lives on after him.

THE Kindergarten is not a *place* where *results* are expected; it is rather a system of development of the *body*, *mind* and *character* of the child.—*Elizabeth Harrison, in The Kindergarten.*

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Intimations of Eternal Life. By Caroline C. Leighton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 139. Price 75 cents.

A Woodland Queen. By Andre Theuriet. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co. Paper, 16mo, pp. 221. Price 50 cents.

Masters and Men. By Eugene J. Hall. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co. Paper, 16mo, pp. 326. Price 50 cents.

Tourmaline's Time Cheques. By F. Anstey. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co. Paper, 16mo, pp. 205. Price 25 cents.

Mademoiselle Ixe. By Lanoe Falconer. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co. Paper, 16mo, pp. 194. Price 25 cents.

Salambo. By Gustave Flaubert. Chicago: Chas. H. Sergel. Paper, 16mo, pp. 415. Price 50 cents.

Church Door Pulpit.

The Lofty Mountains.

REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES, ALL SOULS CHURCH, JUNE 7, 1891.

"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains. Exalt the voice unto them. Shake the hand that ye may go into the gates of the noble."—*Isaiah 13:2.*

Skandinavia to-day occupies a prominence in the domain of literature unparalleled in its previous history, and unexpected. Bjornson, Ibsen, Jonas Lie and Kristofer Jansen have given to these people of the North a fame quite in excess of the place they have heretofore occupied in European letters. In a humbler way they have done for their language what Lessing and Luther did for the German tongue,—lifted peasant dialects into classic uses. Perhaps more nearly than any existing English writers they take up the broken work of Hawthorne, Dickens and George Eliot; because they clasp, with intensity, close to their hearts the human nature which so many of our writers hold at arm's length. They have a wealth of humanity that constructs characters resembling not so much men and women we have seen, as those we ourselves have been, whose thoughts and feelings are strikingly like our own. They build their men and women from the inside.

This morning I bring to you a simple story told by Bjornson, the patriotic and beloved Norwegian. It is the story of a poor peasant who had to live out his days in a pretty, though narrow, valley among the Norwegian mountains. It was a little dale of matchless beauty, containing peerless lakelets, startling waterfalls, green meadows and somber forests. In it fertile field and barren rocks were ingeniously dove-tailed into each other. The whole was rimmed round by the lofty mountains, eternally crested with white.

A bardic fire burned in the heart of this peasant boy, and although he was the son of poverty, sorrow and shame, he quickened his neighborhood with his minstrelsy. While herding his cattle on the hillslopes, there floated from his heart measures of song that lighted in the breast of peasant workmen, in the memory of the school children, and stayed the burdened heart of the poor pinched mother. Once in a while his notes flew so far and high as to command the respect of the educated priest, the great man of the valley.

One might expect such a gifted songster to be very happy. The rustic genius was not only the poet laureate of the countryside, but he had inherited the most fertile *gaard* or little farm in the valley. But in that little, as in the great world, poets must

"Learn in suffering what they teach in song."

The lad was named Arne. Like the venturesome and aspiring eagle, his was a restless soul. His mind was early filled with dreams of the great worlds beyond the mountain. His heart possessed the journeying instinct. He thirsted for travel. He wanted to go beyond his narrow valley life, to escape from the shadows of disgrace under which he was born. He had heard of a wide country beyond the seas. O, that he might see it! He had read of famous poets in far off lands. O, that he might hear their voices and see their faces! Now and then reports reached the valley of great singers and high music, delighting vast city audiences. O, that he might hear such! In the heat of this ungratified passion the little cow-herd began early the composition of a song about this land that was beyond his vision, towards which his heart felt an uninterrupted attraction; but he found it very difficult to phrase his poem. Now and then he would catch snatches of it, scribbling them on bits of paper, then he would lose the papers and forget the lines. Soon he would try again in some other meter, but only to be defeated. He used to think sometimes that the chief obstacle in the way of this poem was his determination to alternate each verse with the refrain:

"Over the lofty mountains!"

When his life was burdened with solitude and his heart was heavy, he tried to sing:

"Over the lofty mountains!"

When success and prosperity seemed to wait upon him, again he tried to sing:

"Over the lofty mountains!"

When sin and poverty intruded their grim presence, he tried to add another verse to his song of:

"Over the lofty mountains!"

When the poor grief-stricken mother tottered under her heavy load, he tried to weave another bit of his song:

"Over the lofty mountains!"

When compelled to blush for the sins of the music-loving but rum-weakened father, he tried to renew his courage by adding another stanza to his prophetic song.

But every effort to finish it brought disappointment. There was something in it that would not flow into measure. The words strangled the rhythm, cheapened the metaphors, confused the imagery, and he had to give it up at last. He died in the little dale into which he was born, without ever having caught a glimpse of the great world beyond, without even having written his "Hymn of the far-away." He died while the chambers of his brain were still haunted by the incompleted fragments of his disembodied song:

"Over the lofty mountains!"
"Over the lofty mountains!"

There is something in this refrain that takes hold of one, and before he knows it he finds himself saying with Arne,

"Over the lofty mountains!"
"Over the lofty mountains!"

In seeking for the power that lies in this refrain the first thought that comes to me is that it is a characteristic song of those who live in the land of the midnight sun. We think of the weird power of Ole Bull, that matchless wizard of the bow. His fiddle strings would lure the soul away from petty stores toward the exhaustless wealth of the ideal—that wealth that lay away up and beyond there:

"Over the lofty mountains!"

We think of Hans Christian Andersen's genial wandering,—of Thorwaldsen's passionate search for power, and back to the stories of those old Norse vikings whose fearless prows ploughed all the waters of Europe, aye, and beyond. Without the aid of steam, chart or compass, Lief Erikson anchored his rude craft on the shores of a new world five centuries before Columbus erected his cross at San Salvador. Did not those shadowy founders of the mystic Norembega try to sing that winsome but elusive song of Arne's?

"Over the lofty mountains!"

But as this refrain continues to ring in our ears, we soon realize that it is something more than a national chorus. It suggests the masterful thing in all literature, all the way from Mother Goose to Goethe. For do we not read in the former of

"John, the man, the piper's son,
Who used to play when I was young;
And all the tune that he could play
Was over the hills and far away"?

Faust and Mephistopheles will fade from the heart of humanity before it forgets dear little Mignon, that embodied longing, that lyric impatience in Wilhelm Meister; her heart was ever in the sunny lands she had never seen. She, too, added a stanza to Arne's song:

"Knowest thou the land where the citrons bloom,
And the orange lights up the leafy gloom;
* * * * *
Knowest thou it then?
'Tis there! 'Tis there!
Oh, my true loved one, thou with me must go!"

You recall the picture of Dickens' little pauper orphan standing on the roadside before sunrise spelling out the inscription on the mile stone:

"London—70 miles."

O, what a long way before that youthful wanderer! But better the wearisome journey than to remain longer in the narrow valley that enslaved him. Little Oliver Twist was trying to sing the song of

"Over the lofty mountains!"

Robert Falconer, a creation of George Macdonald, is another illustration of this restless, inquiring, Arne spirit of the nineteenth century. Robert's favorite toy when a boy was the kite. He liked it because it pulled upward so hard. In his maturer years, we are told he never entered a strange place without yielding to the impulse to climb the tallest steeple he could find. He was always in search of a broader outlook. It was his way of trying to sing Arne's song.

The legends of King Arthur, the whole cycle of Round Table poetry, fascinates us as it has fascinated twenty generations before us with its traditions of a just government, a generous fraternity and a clean humanity, never yet realized. These are not history, but prophecy. They tell of things yet beyond the lofty mountains where the foot of man has never trod, but where the soul would fain stand. In the story of King Arthur and his Round Table we find the tireless strivings of the Keltic heart.

But we must not confine ourselves to literature. The human soul everywhere has an eagle-like tendency to soar. There is in man an appetite for things afar, things high. That bard is most beloved who sings of the things to be. The deathless quality of Judah's prophets lies in the fact that they were forever trying to speak of mountain-top realities; their desires were beyond the boundary hills that hemmed them in. We never can forget them. We must always love them, because in one way or another, they are always proclaiming, "Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains. Exalt the voice unto them. Shake the hand that ye may go into the gates of the noble."

The entire race exemplifies the unwritten song of Arne. Human history this far is but an attempt to climb the mountain. From some remote eastland our forefathers came in search of wider domains, and "westward still the star of empire finds its way." Thousands of souls this morning crowd the decks that are afloat on the Atlantic, turning pathetic, expectant faces towards America. Eastern homes in this country are periodically emptied by men and women joining the emigrant tide towards Dakota, Colorado, and the Golden Gate. The "Westward Ho!" of the American pioneer is his way of trying to sing Arne's song. Here, as beyond the Atlantic waves, the pretty cottage, the loved neighbors, the hallowed chapel are all abandoned for the sake of a sod house on a naked prairie, among restless strangers, because there may be found more liberty, a wider outlook, a stronger grasp on something. Very restless is the human soul. A strange wanderer is man. We are all emigrants by nature. What though the mountain-top be cold, the ascent difficult and dangerous; the human heart still longs for the summit.

What are some of the mountains that enslave us? What are the boundaries of the valleys from which we seek escape? Surely the closest valleys are no more material than the highest white-peaked mountains.

I. The valley we call Poverty. How we are hedged in by this high mountain of Money which we can not scale. The material nakedness into which we are born besets us through life. The soul wants more things. It pants for larger control of surrounding. "I will over the hills to the land of gold," says the young man. Thousands like Arne try their long life to compose the song and then die in the vale of poverty.

II. Ignorance is another valley in which we are pent. How high are the mountains that fence us in with our ignorance, that shut out the knowledge we thirst for. Very narrow is the dale of human intelligence. "I have been permitted to pick up but here and there a pebble on the infinite beach;" was the dying confession of the great Sir Isaac Newton, although the stars had divulged to him the law of their circlings. What shall we say of our own mental poverty, of the shadowy darkness of our intellectual home? O, how wide is God's truth! How narrow is man's knowledge! Would we might ascend the white heights of science and leave far behind us the stupidity that thralls and the ignorance that frets us!

III. Again how lonely is life! Make the best we can of it, how solitary is the human soul! How high are the mountains that stand between us and that fraternity, that brotherliness, the quest for which inspires so much of human industry! Much of what we call "trade" and "labor" is but a more or less blind climbing towards fellowship, a search for companionship. This is the secret of the youth's wooing and the maid's acceptance. It explains the hand-shaking and lip-touching, the multiplication of so many societies of varying names and character. This is one of the most permanent roots of the church. By its help the human heart hopes to climb the lofty mountain which separates it from other hearts. This is Arne's climbing out of isolation into communion, out of loneliness into companionship.

"Will the coming man go to church?" is a question often asked in these days. Yes, indeed, we may confidently answer; so long as isolation is intolerable and loneliness a burden. If for no other reason the church and its Sunday privilege remains a permanent blessing in human life; it enables the soul to come into a little closer contact with other souls. We can imagine a time when superstition will be no more, when bigotry and fanaticism will be dead, and when men will cease to fear the powers that rule the universe; when love and not terror will be the ruling motive of life. But we can not imagine the time when the human heart will not love companionship, and will be insensible to fraternity. While this remains there will be a call for the church, a gravitation in the human soul towards the chapel.

IV. Once more we lift our eyes to the mountain and are lured thither by that mystic circlet that closes us in. We lift our banners on the high mountain, but we are far away in the valley below. There is a mighty order above and beyond our disorder, an infinite strength engirdling our weakness. Our finiteness is embosomed in infinity, and our ignorance must float on the sea of omniscience. There must be a destiny that decides our destination, a Providence that overrules our rebelliousness, a power that makes even "the wrath of men to praise Him." There are times when the most skeptical instincts in our nature

confess "a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness"; moments when the eyes are drawn as by an irresistible magnet to the delectable mountains of immortality. The philosopher might as well attempt to hold the mists forever in the valley, to chain the cloud above to the lake out of which it was born, to teach the pine to creep on the ground like a cucumber, as to expect the soul of man to ignore its attractions towards the divine, to forget the great word and the greater verity,—GOD. So long as it is the ineffable privilege of the human soul to touch the hem of this infinity, so long as the human mind is allowed to paddle in the shallows of those waters whose near shore breaks upon the beach of human consciousness but whose outer waters have never been fathomed by human plummet, so long will human lips try to articulate the infinite words.

This divine yearning for heavenly heights is not some special faculty given only to the Jew at birth and to the Christian at second birth. The Author of life has not, like some partial earthly parent, withheld his smile from some of his children and revealed his goodness to others. Study the story of religion in all its phases, keep nothing back, the cruelty, superstition and persecution, and still you will say, I think, that religion has been a road upon which humanity has traveled to its strengths and tendernesses. The blood and hatred were but incidents of the march; the lurid flames of martyrdom were the bivouac fires that have been left behind. The banners are all the while on the lofty mountains, and the song that enabled the pilgrim to endure the hardships of the march, and rendered the martyr oblivious to the crackling fagots, was the song of the Norwegian peasant:

"Over the lofty mountains."

Perhaps we must admit that the attempt to scale any one of the mountains, ends, in the majority of cases, like Arne's, in disappointment. The peasant bard died in the valley, without ever having set foot on the farther slope of the mountain. This is the common experience. All of us at one time or another have lifted our banners upon the golden mountain, but most of us will die in poverty's vale. We would fain climb the heights of knowledge, but in the shadowed valley of ignorance our home abides. We dream of a fellowship tender and true, and awake to solitude, cold and intense. We yearn for godly lives and die in ungodliness. The soul hungers for communion with divine things, but how seldom is it freshened with breezes from heaven. Many exclaim with the Psalmist:

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Yet at all times must we confess with the Psalmist in another mood:

"Such knowledge is too wonderful; it is high, I can not attain to it."

For all his longings Arne rounded out his life in the valley "where the mountains seemed to form a swing in which to cradle the lake." This is common experience. I believe profoundly in the reality of worship. Yet it goes without the saying that the guilty king in Hamlet phrases too common experience,—

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below."

Rare, indeed, are the moments when we feel our feet resting on the imperishable, and are allowed to rest our hearts in the unseen and the immortal?

Is this story of a mountain song to end in a wail after all? Does all this yearning and aspiring bring us finally to this universal breakdown? Shall we say, "Give it up, O my eagle soul; cease your straining for that which is beyond your reach; take it easy; eat, drink and sleep, for that is higher wisdom for you, child of weakness and of darkness?"

By no means. The Norwegian herd boy died without crossing the mountains, yet his best work and his highest joy came to him in his unwritten poem. His unfinished song made the sweetest melody in the valley. It drew to his side his unfortunate father, healed deadly feuds, renewed the strength in mother's heart, made real the loosening ties of home. The snatch of this song which he had forgotten he recognized again when the maiden sang it, who became to him more than all the unseen wealth of America. The lines were so disappointing that he flung the paper away and forgot them, but years later, when Eli Boen sang the discarded stanzas on the hillslope, they seemed even to their dissatisfied author burdened with peculiar meaning and subtile beauty.

"O how I wonder what I should see
Over the lofty mountains!
Snow here shuts out the view from me,
Round about stands the green pine-tree,
Longing to hasten over;—
Dare it become a rover?
* * * * *
Shall I the journey never take
Over the lofty mountains?
Must my poor thoughts on this rock-wall break?
Must it a dread, ice-bound prison make,
Shutting at last in around me,
Till for my tomb it surround me?

"Forth will I! forth! Oh, far, far away,
Over the lofty mountains!
I will be crushed and consumed if I stay;
Courage towers up and seeks the way;
Let it its flight now be taking,
Not on this rock-wall be breaking.
One day I know I shall wander afar
Over the lofty mountains.
Lord, my God, is thy door ajar?
Good is thy house where the blessed are;
Keep it though, closed awhile longer
Till my deep longing grow stronger."

Are we not ready now for our text?

"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains.
Exalt the voice unto them. Shake the hand that ye may go into the gates of the noble."

Does not the story of Arne fit into the words of the old prophet, and do they not disclose one of the secrets of the spiritual life? Only those who do lift up their banners can enter into the "gates of the noble." What though the delectable mountains are unattainable; they are none the less that which makes for excellence. They bring the victory in defeat. Arne's companion, Christian, did escape over the mountain rim, and found the land of gold in America. But of course he died like Arne with his song incomplete. No more than the Norwegian peasant bard, did Angelo and Beethoven complete their poems of

"Over the lofty mountains."

But in the attempt to sing they did enter the "gates of the noble." O, it is a heavenly habit, this dreaming of supernal things! Women's faces have been more lovely and the babes they press to their bosom more Christ-like ever since Raphael painted his Madonnas. Young men, and young women, whatsoever of wealth, love, wisdom or saintliness is to be yours in the years to come, depends on the place in which you plant your banners now. 'Tis great to have blessed desires if nothing more.

"What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me;
* * * * *
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale."

We, like the great Skandinavian sculptor, Thorwaldsen, should weep over the work that satisfies us, for such is the work of waning power. He who is proud of his spiritual attainments, quite content with his religious creed, who fights against any change or innovation, is in a very bad way. He is in a dying condition. Only those whose banners are upon the high mountain enter the gates of the noble. Persuade man that it is not worth while to lift up his banner higher than the attained, and he will forget how to write great poems, how to sing sweet songs; he will shape no new philosophies and make no new discoveries. He will leave Plato, Bacon and Emerson, Shakspeare and Dante, Fénelon and Theodore Parker, aye, Socrates, Buddha and Jesus, without hope of succession. We touch here the mighty gospel of evolution. Darwin and Spencer pointed the road leading to the kingdom, when they showed us that restlessness is the law of growth.

"Over the lofty mountains."

This is the song of creation in every department of being. The bulb groans it and the flower appears. The seed echoes it in its chilly bed and the green blade seeks the sunlight. The same song is in the wind whistling through the naked boughs of spring, and erelong the earth is sheltered in its mantle of leaves. It sings within the marble walls under the wing of mother-bird, and a birdling begins to chirp. The human mother sings it over the cradle, and the babe awakes and learns to walk in the strength of manhood. The same thought is in the prayers of the heart-broken mother over the new-made grave.

Is the song to begin to disappoint now? Has the great Father tempted so successfully his children upward thus far, to utterly disappoint them at last? I can not believe that the providence so economic of her cheaper wares is wasteful of the more costly. I can not believe that nature will save the atom but destroy the soul. I can not think that the banner that has lured the young through the gates of the noble is to mock and deceive the aged when they are willing to follow it through the darkness of death itself. The song of science is Arne's song. It encourages us to hope and work for magnificent things. When it is thoroughly understood its lessons will be those of faith and not of skepticism. Nature sings the evangel of hope because it reveals the law of progress. The mollusk asked for a shell and received it. The fish aspired to live in the air, and gills were changed into lungs. The worm asked for feet and found them. The reptile sought for wings, and they appeared. Can it be that the desire of Jesus and Plato for the deathless life of the spirit is to be denied by that power that has put this song of hope into the heart of the universe?

Men are beginning to understand that this great world of which we are a part was not manufactured by some omnipotent craftsman during a six-day job, as a cooper manufactures a barrel; but that it has been a sublime growth through unmeasured cycles of time. The world is an unhasting and unresting unfoldment, leaf upon leaf, like a beautiful lily opening on the face of infinite waters. A living force from within, not some cruel king from without, is the besetting God we worship. He is revealed first outward, then inward.

"Over the lofty mountains" of the mineral world into the vegetable world, out of the land of flowers into the kingdom of animals, out of the slavery of the brute into the freedom of the man, out of the bondage of the senses into the delights of soul, until at last we stand upon the threshold of heaven, and finite man faces the infinite God and dares to voice his hope for immortality itself. These are the splendid returns to the soul that lifts its banners upon the high mountains. What though it may never reach the summit; it yet will enter into the "gates of the noble." Not to *prove* the immortal life, but to *deserve* it, is the problem of religion.

"Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal;"

says Lowell.

Finally, we should follow the example of Arne in trying to the end to sing the unattainable song. In this persistency we find the most consecrated lesson of all. The road to the summit is the road of duty, and we climb it not infrequently when we are only trying to do the nearest thing. In our lowliest moods and moments we come nearest to the perfect measures. Like Arne we sometimes reach the summit by staying at home. His song did reach something very like completion when he was able to say:

"I hoped to become something great one day;
I thought it would be when I got away.
Each thought that my bosom entered,
On far-off journeys was centered.
A maiden then into my eyes did look;
My rovings soon lost their pleasure.
The loftiest aim my heart can brook
Is her to proclaim my treasure.

"I hoped to become something great one day;
I thought it would be when I got away.
To meet with the great in learning
Intensely my heart was yearning.
She taught me, she did, for she spoke a word;
'The best gift of God's bestowing
Is not to be called a distinguished lord,
But ever a man to be growing.'

"I hoped to become something great one day;
I thought it would be when I got away.
My home seemed so cold, neglected,
I felt like a stranger suspected.
When I discovered, then love did I see
In every glance that found me;
Wherever I turned friend waited for me,
And life became new around me."

Is this the innermost secret of the spirit, the revelation men miss because it is so near? The gates of the noble are open to those that aspire, are near at hand to those who do their duty. Heaven may indeed be far off but the road thereto may be shortened daily from this end. Step after step the powers of glory approach. God is near to man; but man is very far from God, and he must seek him by effort and toil, not by traveling. Here is the center of the universe for us today. At this moment God offers to us his newest testament. The latest revelation from on high is written in the latest tear that dropped from a penitent's eye, the latest smile that has played upon the face of a loving child. The surest way of summoning the heavenly host is by rightly ringing your own door bell.

When Ole Bull lay dying among the Norwegian hills, and words had passed beyond his reach, he seemed anxious for something, his attendants knew not what. They could not anticipate his want. They brought him wine from the cellar, flowers from the garden, his favorite book, his violin sparkling with diamonds, the crown of gold that had been presented him years before in California. He shook his head sadly at them all. There was in them no more pleasure to him. At last some one more sympathetic than the rest divined the workings of his mind, went and gathered a handful of the heather that used to grow around his childhood home, and the great musician received it with a smile, pressed it to his lips, laid it upon his heart and died. Here we see the great Skandinavian who had crossed lofty mountains, traveled in foreign lands, won fame and affection from peasants and kings, children and philosophers, lying down to die at last, alongside of the peasant Arne, who had never seen beyond the white peaks that overlooked his childhood home, and finding God's hand in these things common and things homely, while he missed it in things far and famous. Arne used to think that the process of making poetry was the habit of hoarding the thoughts

that others let go of. Let us hold on to our high thoughts, our great dreams.

"Cursed is he who has no balked ambitions," is the terrible malediction which Bjornson utters in the story of Arne. Terrible because true. Let us lift our banners then upon the mountain, exalt our voices to it, shake hands to it, that we may sing at last with Arne:

"Could I but by spirits through life be attended,
As pure as the thought which has now me befriended!
The ordering spirit of God it was.
He ruleth the world with sacred laws.
Toward goodness eternal I am progressing."

Notes from the Field.

Hillside, in the Helena Valley of Wisconsin, is gradually gathering to its hospitable yearly welcomes a goodly company of souls young and old. The two weeks of the Liberal Assembly that convenes in the mouth of August are marked by their entire freedom of thought, extending over as wide a range of topics as the times indicate. The problems of religion are here made to mean all the problems of developing human nature. Has anyone a new suggestion, an idea held sacredly, there is not only a willingness on the part of others, there is a desire to hear it. All the welcome, eager and free minds can bestow, is vouchsafed; a spectacle not altogether new in the world, but still rare enough to be specially noted. The prejudice, prejudgment, that is ousting or rebuking earnest men and women in so many instances elsewhere, counts for less when one knows that ranging alongside are the good cheer and free intelligence of these numerically increasing and far-influencing liberating movements.

This is the home of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Here are his brothers and sisters, and the little Liberal Chapel dedicated to their parents. The brothers are farmers. In a simple, healthy way they have builded for themselves happy farm-homes—the latch-string always out for all who wander here for the feast of reason and the flow of soul. The sisters have now for four years given their time to the founding of a school for boys and girls. The measure of success attending this effort has gone beyond their expectations. The patronage this year has been about equal to what they desire it should be. "It is not our intention," said Miss Ellen Jones in her closing address, "to build up a large institution, but to maintain a little school that shall be true in its methods and thorough in its practice, that shall lay broadly and deeply the foundations of education and character."

The closing exercises this year were very interesting. I confess I went to attend them more because everybody else was going, and it was the thing to do, than with the expectation of being entertained. I could sit it through and do my share of the congratulating. But the "unexpected happened" for me. I don't think I have ever attended upon graduating exercises more impressively cheering and beautiful. The essay by Miss Helen Jones,—the only graduate of the school thus far—rose to a high rank. Thoughtful, serene, excellent from beginning to end. The singing by the thirty or more scholars, if I may judge, was remarkable. They sang with a joyous freedom and zest that carried hearts by storm. Altogether, the winding up of this Hillside school, including the evening reception, forms a picture extremely pleasant to remember.

As I pen these few lines I recognize that this beautiful valley has returned to its own peace. I hear only the singing birds and the tinkle of bells in some neighboring sheepfold. The children who made the welkin ring, and had often to be "called to order," have vanished—gone with all their happy noise and fun to their several homes. I miss the sight of them. I miss the noise of them no less. What awful words are those, spoken under how great provocation, "Do keep still!" Of course your nerves are to be protected, good and gentle folk, but then, how much better is overwhelming silence?

I was sitting on the brow of a hill. I fell into a reverie. Presently I aroused myself to find all the cows in the great pasture gathered in semicircle about me, gazing with their great pathetic eyes. No word was spoken. They kept a perfect stillness. What they thought of me, I trow not. But I read in the glance of their eyes a full content. They were so "placid looking," as Whitman has said. Perhaps it becometh them to remain placid and silent. Without doubt nature has ordered best. For it would indeed have seemed a fearful thing had they broken into song and laughter, or had they stood there conversing audibly.

But just as fearful would it be if in the human world such placidity and silence reigned. Give me the bustle and noise of aspiring souls, the never-ceasing utterance of joyous human life that can not be dumb and quiescent.

"The heart that ever grows,
The gladness that o'erflows."

Hillside, Wis. SIDNEY H. MORSE.

Decorah, Ia.—Sunday the 21st was a perfect day, even including the shower at noon. The morning broke in with that deep blue sky of the higher climate without a visible cloud. The little church which means Unity, was in its gayest and richest attire. Never was a little church more tastefully and beautifully decorated for Childrens' Sunday. In this city, so charmingly situated among the hills and bluffs of the "Upper Iowa," nearly every house is decorated in the winter with a profusion of house plants, and the gardens in the summer actually *overblossom* with flowers. So there was no limit to the plants and flowers which came into the church, covering two flower-stands, besides every other available place. We used the Flower Service of the W. U. S. S. S., which gave great satisfaction, the school marching to their seats through the aisles singing an appropriate song. The address by the minister was on the topic of our "House Beautiful," the temple of the living God, and how to keep it. This was the first flower service in the little church, and the flaming bush in the fire-place was as eloquent as that out of which Jahveh spoke to Moses. Verily, God was in that place. In this church there are a few devoted, active workers in the Sunday-school, and others who give no personal service are deeply interested. In these new societies, made up of persons of many shades of religious belief, the responsibility falls on a very few persons, and the first problem which we have to solve is this: How can the church be supported? This is the problem now before us which we are trying to solve. We are saved by hope if we work by faith. S. S. H.

Germantown, Philadelphia.—The following announcement of the resignation of Rev. John H. Clifford, of Germantown, will be read with interest. We quote from a letter from Mr. H. W. Littlefield: "You may have seen notice of the resignation of the ministry of the Germantown Unitarian Church, by Rev. John H. Clifford, its pastor for nearly nine years. With deep regret and after two meetings of the society held for the purpose, it was, at Mr. Clifford's earnest request, accepted, to take effect from February, 1892, with full pay to that date; and as a slight recognition of their esteem, a leave of absence granted him from the last Sunday in June. It is probable Mr. Clifford will pass the summer (in part at least) in Maine. Some doubt exists in his mind as to his future course. It is possible that he may leave the ministry altogether, which will cause additional deep regret to all who have known him, and had the privile ge o listening to his sermons."

Chicago.—The senior editor of UNITY left the first of the week, with his family, to spend the two months of vacation in his favorite resting-place and second home, Hillside, Wis. He will be heard from occasionally, but not regularly, in these columns during the summer. The assistant editor leaves next week for Coldwater, Mich., for the *remainder* of the month, continuing her duties, such as lie outside the office, from that point, at which all personal communications and others requiring immediate attention should be addressed up to July 30.

St. Paul, Minn.—At the close of the Minnesota Conference held in Unity church, St. Paul, June 9 and 10, the following resolution was offered by Rev. S. M. Crothers, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Conference regrets the absence at this meeting of the beloved Secretary of the Western Conference, Rev. J. R. Effinger. We send him our most heartfelt sympathy and hope that he may soon be restored to the full vigor of health, so that he may renew his labors among us.

Grand Rapids.—Rev. Mila F. Tupper, of this place, paid a flying visit at Headquarters *en route* from Sioux Falls, where she spent Sunday, the 21st, home again. Miss Tupper preached her last sermon before vacation, June 28, and will spend the summer at Plymouth, Mass., in attendance on the School of Applied Ethics. We shall hope to receive an account of this admirable enterprise from her sometime during the summer.

Alton, Ill.—Rev. Henry D. Stevens and wife, after a year's earnest work at Alton, go east to spend the summer, first to Boston and vicinity and then up into Vermont to the old home. On Children's day, June 7, seven members took part in a service of admission to the Unitarian church. The Unity Club has joined the National Bureau of Unity Clubs, 25 Beacon St., Boston.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—We hear with regret that Rev. Marion Murdock has resigned the pastorate of the Unitarian church on account of ill health. Miss Murdock is one of the most widely known of woman ministers, and is one of the best equipped and most efficient workers in the field. We hope for her speedy recovery, and early return to the pulpit.

Englewood, Ill.—A writer in the *Universalist Messenger* of June 20 calls for the weekly publication of the sermons and especially the prayers of Rev. Florence Kollock, pastor of the Englewood Universalist Church.

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An address given before the Philosophical Club of Harvard University, Sanders Theatre, March 27, 1890, by **William Mackintire Salter.**

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Mr. Blake, one of the editors of UNITY, writes of the same address: "I have read it with admiration and gratitude. Hardly I need say, yet, for my own joy, I will say that I agree with every syllable of it. It inspires and lifts me by a peculiar and heavenly power in it. I never have read a loftier piece, of its length, in any language or literature, nor do I see how any of any length could be nobler except by the reiterations and climbings of strength on strength which come by the fact of length."

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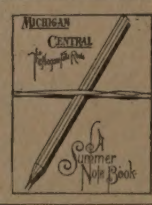

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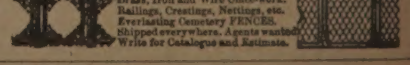

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Wed.—Better suffer ill than do ill.

Thurs.—Good character is property: It is the noblest of all possessions.

Fri.—Love evokes love, and begets loving-kindness.

Sat.—There is indeed no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart.
—*Samuel Smiles.*

The Child.

From the German of Fredrich Hebbel.

The mother lies upon her bier
In burial dress arrayed;
Her little child steals softly near,
Half wondering, half afraid.

The wreath twined in the locks of gold
Pleases the baby much;
The flowers that deck the bosom cold
She seeks to gently touch.

Soon she commences low to tease,
"O, dearest mamma, do
Give me one flower from out of these,
So dearly I love you."

And as the mother does not stir,
Reasons the baby so—
"If, when she wakes, I come to her
She'll give me one, I know."

So out she slips on tiptoe, soft,
And closes light the door,
Yet comes and peeps, and listens oft,
If mamma's sleep be o'er.

MRS. C. E. RIDER.

The Little Flying Fish.

Far away from here lived the little flying fish. He lived in the salt water, where it was not very cold. He could swim, and he could fly.

Did he have wings like a bird?

I will tell you. Try to think about what I am saying:

Look at a fish, in the market or on the dinner table. Do you see the little things on his side that look like fans? Those are his fins. They help him to swim.

The little flying fish has fins, too. They are large. They can spread out like the wings of a bird. He could spread them out and fly, or, he could fold them together and swim. The little flying fish can not fly far nor high. He can fly only a little way, close down to the water. He is of a pretty blue color. Do you know what a blue-bird is? Our little flying fish looks like a blue-bird when he flies.

One day a great ship sailed on the water where he lived. The little fish said, "Oh, what is that?"

All the other fishes said, "We do not know."

"I will fly up and look at it. Then I can tell you all what it is."

So he flew out of the water a little way, and looked.

One look did not do. He flew again and looked.

"What is it? What is it?" asked all the other fishes.

"I can not see very well," said the little flying fish. "I must fly up onto the side of it."

"Oh, don't do that! You may get hurt," said all the other fishes.

"Yes, I will fly up onto that place on the side. Then I can see. Then I will fly down and tell you all. Don't you all wish you could fly, too?"

So the poor little flying fish flew up onto the guards of the great ship. It was sailing very fast through the green water. The little fish hit his head against the hard ship. Then he lay very still on the guards. Poor little flying fish! He was dead. He never could fly down and tell the other fishes about the ship. The ship sailed on and left them all behind.

One of the sailors went down and brought the little fish to me. I held him in my hand. I lifted his wing fins. I looked at his pretty blue body. Then I said, "I will tell the little children far away all about him."

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

While the Angels Listened.

Little Frances is three years old.

She is the proud possessor of a fat rubber doll which goes by the name of Edna. Frances and Edna are inseparable companions.

One day Frances' mamma discovered the newly polished window pane covered with finger marks, and she spoke to the child in this wise:

"Frances, mamma did n't see who made all those finger marks on mamma's nice clean window pane, because her back was turned, but the dear Lord up in the sky saw who did it, and the angels wrote it down in a big book. Now tell me, Frances, do you know who marked up mamma's window?"

"Yes'm," replied baby Frances, looking mamma straight in the eye.

"Now, you must tell me right, you know, because the angels are listening."

"Yes'm."

"Frances, who marked up mamma's window like that?"

"Edna," replied the tot promptly, pointing to her rubber doll.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

THE rapidity with which the human mind levels itself to the standard around it gives us the most pertinent warning as to the company we keep. It is as hard for most characters to stay at their own average point in all companies as for a thermometer to stay 65° for twenty-four hours together.—*Lowell.*

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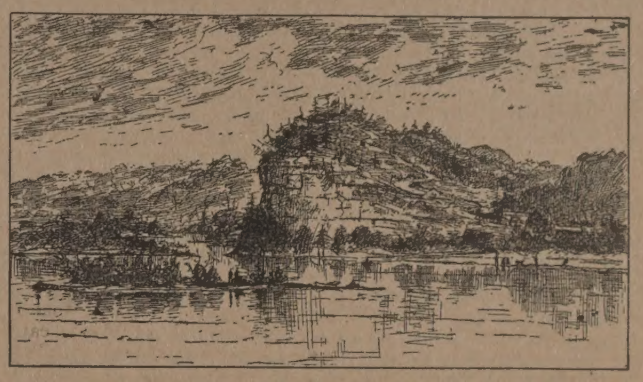

HILLSIDE, WISCONSIN, AUGUST 2-16, 1891.

Ministers Institute.

The Unity Club.

Sunday School Institute.

THE SECOND SUMMER ASSEMBLY AND FIFTH ANNUAL S. S. INSTITUTE.

The place and method of the meetings of a year ago proved so successful and satisfactory to those in attendance that the coming meetings will be conducted on essentially the same plan. From 9 to 10:30 will be given to a Ministers Institute in which will be discussed parish and pulpit matters and methods, under the leadership, it is hoped, of Mary A. Safford, of Sioux City, Ia. This will be followed by an intermission of half an hour. From 11 A. M. to 12:30 P. M. will be given to the study of the second year's work, in the six years' course now pursued by many of the Unitarian Sunday-schools, which will be conducted with a special view to giving help to superintendents, teachers, and others who propose following the course.

The first part of the year's work will be given to the study of "Some Religions of the Older World":—the Teachers and Bibles of the non-Christian world. These studies will be under the direction of John C. Learned, of St. Louis. The second part will be some studies in practical ethics "In the School," under the direction of Miss Juniata Stafford, of Chicago, an experienced public school teacher. The afternoons will be given to rest, recreation, and amusement, boating, riding, etc. The evenings will be given to popular lectures on scientific and other Unity Club topics, in charge of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Sprague, of Monroe, Wisconsin.

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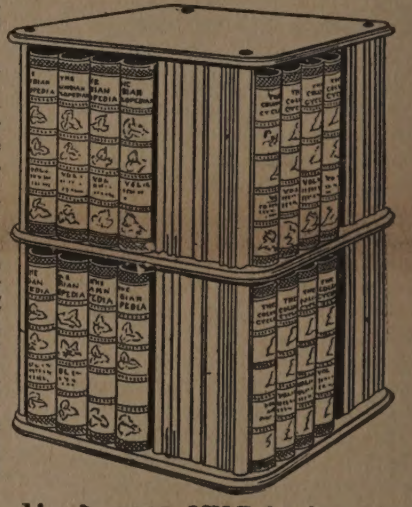

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